

A
moste excellent Co-
medie of Alexander,
Campaspe, and Dio-
genes,

Played beefore the Queenes Ma-
iestie on twelfe day at night, by
her Maiesties children, and the
children of Poules.

(..)



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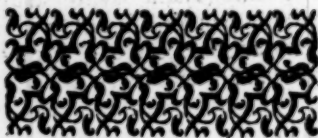


The Prologue at the black Friers.

THey that feare the stinging of Waspes
make fannes of Peacokes tailes, whose
spots are like eies. And *Leptus*, which
coude not sleepe for the chattering of
birdes, set vp a beaste, whose head was
like a Dragon: and we which stande in
awe of reporte, are compelled to sette beefore our owle
Pallas shield, thinking by her vertue to couer the others
deformitie. It was a signe of famine to Aegypte, when
Nylus flowed lesse then twelue Cubittes, or more then
eighteene, and it may threaten dispaire vnto vs, if wee be
lesse curious then you looke for, or more cumbersome.
But as *Thesens* being promised to bee brought to an Ea-
gles nest, and trauieling all the day, found but a wrenne
in a hedg, yet said, this is a bird: so we hope, if the shower
of our swelling mountaine seeme to bring forth some
Eliphant, perfourme but a mouse, you will gently saye,
this is a beast? Basill softly touched, yeeldeth a sweete
sent, but chafed in the hande, a ranke sauour. Wee feare
euen so that our labours slylye glaunced on, will breede
some content. but examined to the prooffe, small com-
mendation. The haste in perfourming shall be our ex-
cuse. There went two nightes to the begetting of *Her-
cules*. Feathers appeare not on the Phoenix vnder seauen
monethes, and the Mulbery is twelue in buddinge, but
our trauiles are like the Hares, who at one time bring-
geth forth, nourisheth, and engendreth againe, or like
the broode of *Trochylus*, whose egges in the same mo-

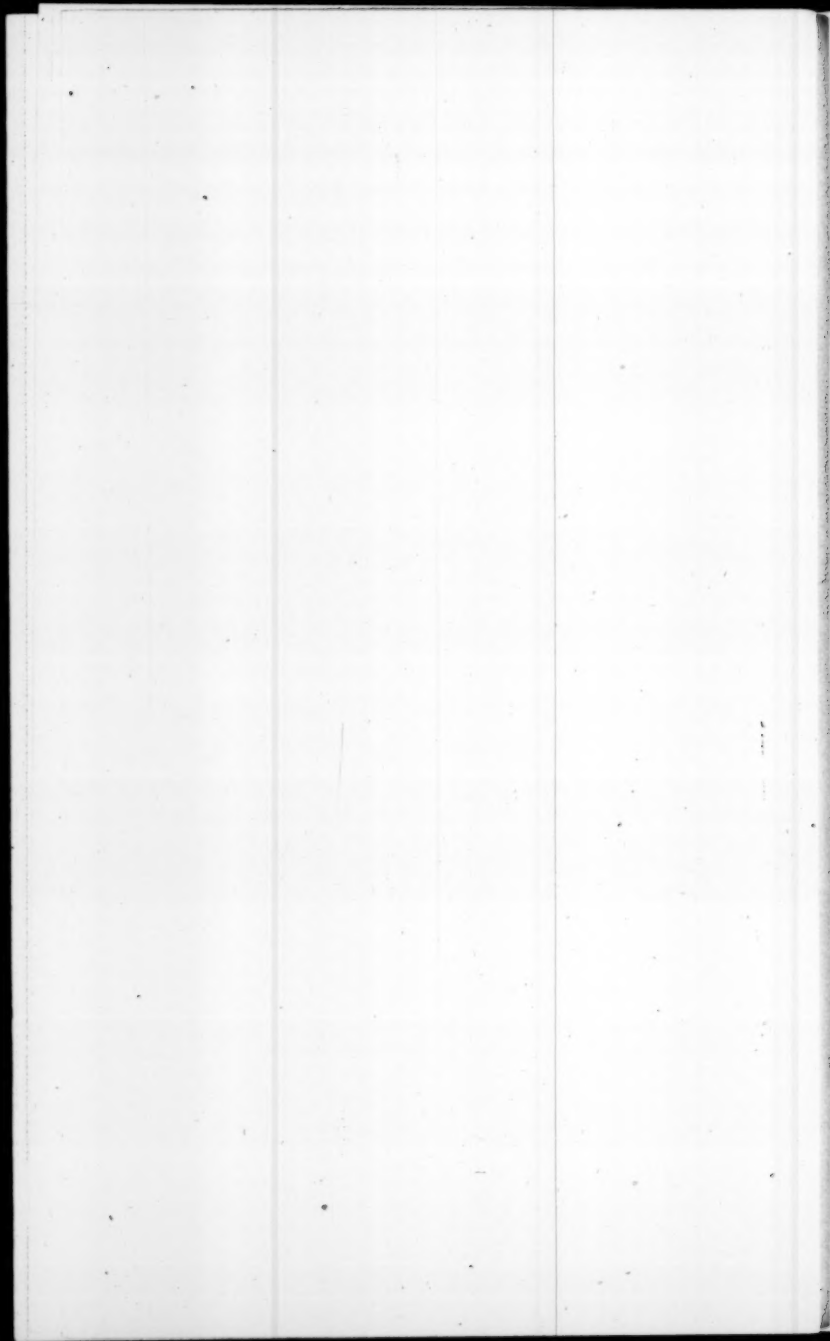
The Prologue at the Black friers.

ment that they are layd, become birdes. But howfoeuer we finish our worke, we craue pardō, if we offend in matter, and patience if we transgresse in manners. Wee haue mixed mirth with counsell, and discipline with delight, thinking it not amisse in the same garden to sowe pot-herbes, that we set flowers. But wee hope, as Harts that cast their hornes, Snakes their skinnes, Eagles their bills, become more fresh for any other labour: so our charge being shaken off, we shalbe fitte for greater matters. But least like the *Mindyans*, we make our gates greater then our towne, and that our play runnes our at the peface, we here conclude: wishing that although there bee in your precise iudgementes an vniuersall mislike, yet wee maye enioy by your wonted curteties a generall silēce.



The Prologue at the Court.

WEe are ashamed that our birde, which fluttered by twilight seeming a Swan, should be proued a Batte sette against the sunne. But as *Iupiter* placed *Silenus* Asse among the starres, and *Alcibiades* couered his pictures being Owles and Apes, with a courtaine embroidered with Lyons and Eagles, so are we enforced vpon a rough discourse to draw on a smooth excuse, resbling *Lapidaries*, who thinke to hide the cracke in a stone by setting it deepe in golde. The Gods supped once with poore *Baucis*, the Persian kinges sometimes shaued stickes, our hope is your heighnesse will at this time lend an eare to an idle pastime. *Appion* raising *Homere* from hell, demanded onely who was his father, and we calling *Alexander* from his graue, seeke onely who was his loue. Whatsoeuer we present, we wish it may be thought the daunsing of *Agrippa* his shadowes, who in the moment they were seene, were of any shape one woulde conceiue: or *Lynces*, who hauing a quicke sight to discerne, haue a short memorie to forgette. With vs it is like to fare, as with these torches, which giuing light to others, consume themselves, and wee shewing delight to others, shame our selues.



Actus primus, Scæna prima.

*Clitus, Parmenio, Timoclea, Campaspe, Alexander,
Hephestion.*

Clyt.



Armenio, I cannot tel whether I should more commend in *Alexander* victories, courage, or curtesie, in the one being a resolution without feare, in the other a liberalitie aboue custōe: *Thebes* is rayfed, the people not racked, towers throwne down, bodies not thrust aside, a cōquest without conflict, and a cruell warre in a milde peace.

Parme. *Clytus*, it becommeth the sonne of *Phillip* to be none other then *Alexander* is: therefore seeing in the father a full perfection, who could haue doubted in the sonne an excellencie. For as the moone can borrow nothing els of the sunne but light, so of a fire, in whome nothing but vertue was, what coulde the childe receiue but singuler? It is for Turkes to staine each other, not for *Dyamordes*, in the one to bee made a difference in goodnes, in the other no comparison.

Clitus You mistake mee *Parmenio*, if whilest I commend *Alexander*, you imagine I call *Phillip* into question, vnlesse happely you coniecture (which none of iudgment will conceiue) that because I like the fruit, therefore I heaue at the tree, or coueting to kisse the childe, I therefore goe about to poyson the teat.

Parme. I but *Clytus* I perceiue you are borne in the East, and neuer laugh but at the sunne rising, which argueth though a duetie where you ought, yet no great deuotion where you might.

Clytus We wil make no controuersie of that which there ought to be no question, onely this shal be the o-

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pinion

A tragicall Comedie of

pinion of vs both, that none was worthy to be the father of *Alexander* but *Phillip*, nor any meete to bee the sonne of *Phillip* but *Alexander*.

Parme. Soft *Clytus*, behold the spoiles & prisoners, a pleasaunt sight to vs, because profit is ioyned with honour, not much painefull to them, because their captiuitie is eased by mercy.

Timo. Fortune, thou didst neuer yet deceiue vertue, because vertue neuer yet did trust fortune. Sworde and fire will neuer get spoile, where wisdom and fortitude beares sway. O *Thebes*, thy walles were rayed by the sweetenesse of the harpe, but rased by the shrillnes of the trumpet. *Alexander* had neuer come so neere the wals, had *Epaminondas* walkt about the walles, and yet might the *Thebans* haue beene mery in their streetes, if he had beene to watch their towers. But destinie is seldome foreseene, neuer preuented. We are heere now captiues, whose neckes are yoaked by force, but whose hearts can not yeelde by death. Come *Campaspe* and the rest, let vs not be ashamed to cast our eies on him, on whome wee feared not to cast our dartes.

Parme. Madame, you neede not doubt, it is *Alexander*, that is, the conquerour.

Timo. *Alexander* hath ouercome, not conquered.

Parme. To bring al vnder his subiection is to conquer.

Timo. He cannot subdue that which is diuine.

Parme. *Thebes* was not.

Timo. Vertue is.

Clytus. *Alexander* as hee tendreth vertue, so hee will you, he drinketh not bloud, but thirsteth after honor, he is greedy of victory, but neuer satisfied with mercie. In fight terrible, as becommeth a captaine, in conqueste milde, as befeemeth a king. In al things then which nothing can be greater he is *Alexander*.

Campaspe. Then if it be such a thing to be *Alexander*, I hope it shalbe no miserable thing to be a virgin. For if
he

Alexander and Campaspe.

he saue our honors, it is more thē to restore our goodes,
And rather doe I wishe hee preferue our fame then our
lyues, which if he do, wee will confesse there can bee no
greater thing then to be *Alexander*.

Alex. Clytus, are these prisoners? of whence these spoiles?

Cly. Like your maiestie they are prisoners, & of *Thebes*.

Alex. Of what calling or reputation?

Cly. I know not, but they seeme to be Ladies of honor.

Alex. I wil know; Madam, of whence you are I know,
but who, I cannot tell.

Timo. Alexander, I am the sister of *Theagines*, whoe
fought a battle with thy father, before the Citie of *Chy-
rome*, where he died, I say which none cā gainsay, valially.

Alex. Lady, there seeme in your wordes sparkes of
your brothers deedes, but woorser fortune in your lyfe
then his death: but feare not, for you shall liue without
violence, enemies, or necessitie: but what are you sayre
Lady, an other sister to *Theagines*?

Campaspe. No sister to *Theagines*, but an humble hand-
maid to *Alexander*, borne of a meane parentage, but to
extream fortune.

Alex. Well Ladies, for so your vertues shewe you,
whatsoeuer your birthes be, you shalbe honourably en-
treated. *Athens* shalbe your *Thebes*, & you shall not be as
abiectes of warre, but as subiectes to *Alexander*. *Parme-
nio*, conduced these honourable Ladies into the Citie,
charge the souldiers not so much as in wordes to offer
them any offence, and let all wants be supplied so farre
forth as shalbe necessary for such persons and my priso-
ners.

Exeunt Parme & captini.

Hephestion, it resteth now that we haue as great care to
gouerne in peace, as conquer in war: that whilest armes
cease, Artes may flourish, and ioyning letters with laun-
ces we endeuor to be as good Philosophers as soldiers,
knowing it no lesse praise to be wise, thē commendable
to be valiaunt,

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Hephest.

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Hephest. Your Maiestie therein sheweth that you haue as great desire to rule as to subdue: & needes must that common wealth be fortunate, whose Captaine is a Philosopher, and whose Philosopher is a Captaine.

Exeunt.

Actus primus, Scena secunda.

Manes, Granichus, Psyllus.

Manes. I serue in steede of a maister, a mouse, whose house is a tub, whose dinner is a crust, and whose boord is a bed.

Psyllus Then art thou in a state of life, which Philosophers commend. A crumme for thy supper, an hande for thy cup, and thy clothes for thy sheetes. For *Natura paucis contenta.*

Gran. *Manes*, it is pittie so proper a man should be cast away vppon a Philosopher: but that *Diogenes* that dogge should haue *Manes* that dogbolte, it greeueth nature and spiteth arte: the one hauing found the so dissolute, absolute I would say, in body, the other so single singuler in minde.

Manes Are you mery, it is a signe by the trip of your tongue, and the toyes of your heade, that you haue done that to day, which I haue not done these three daies.

Psyllus Whats that?

Manes Dined.

Gran. I thinke *Diogenes* keepes but cold cheere.

Manes I would it were so, but hee keepeth neither hot nor cold.

Gran. What then, luke warme? That made *Manes* runne from his maister last day.

Psyllus *Manes* had reason: for his name foretolde as much.

Manes My name? how so sir boy?

Psyl.

Alexander and Campaspe.

Psyllus You know that it is called *Manes*, *à monendo*, because it standes still.

Manes Good.

Psyllus And thou art named *Manes*, *à manendo*, because thou runst away.

Manes Passing reasons, I did not runne awaye, but retire.

Psyllus To a prison, because thou wouldest haue leasure to contemplate.

Manes I will proue that my body was immortall: because it was in prison.

Grani. As how?

Manes Did your maisters neuer teache you that the soule is immortal?

Grani. Yes.

Manes And the body is the prison of the soule.

Grani. True.

Manes Why then, thus to make my body immortall, I put it to prison.

Grani. Oh bad.

Psyllus Excellent ill.

Manes You may see how dull a fasting wit is: therefore *Psyllus* let vs go to supper with *Granicus*: *Plato* is the best fellow of al Phylosophers. Giue me him that reades in the morning in the schoole, and at noone in the kitchen.

Psyllus And me.

Grani. Ah sirs, my maister is a king in his parlour for the body, & a God in his study for the soule. Among all his menne he commendeth one that is an excellent Musition, then stand I by and clap another on the shoulder and say, this is a passing good Cooke.

Manes It is well doone *Granicus*, for giue me pleasure that goes in at the mouth, not the care, I had rather fill my guttes, then my braines.

Psyllus I serue *Apelles*, who feedeth mee, as *Dioge-*

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our dooth *Manes*, for at dinner the one preacheth abstinence, the other commendeth counterfeiting: when I would eat meate, he paintes a spit, & whē I thirst, O saith he, is not this a faire pot, and pointes to a table, whiche containes the banquet of the Gods, where are many dishes to feede the eie, but not to fill the gut.

Grani. What doost thou then?

Phyllus This doth hee then bring in many examples that some haue liued by fauours, & proueth that muche easier it is to fatte by colours, and telles of birdes that haue beene fatted by painted grapes in winter: & howe many haue so fed their eies with their mistresse picture, that they neuer desired to take food, being gluttoned with the delight in their fauours. Then doth he shew me counterfeites, such as haue surfeited with their filthy & lothsome vomites, and with the riotous Bacchanalles of the God *Bacchus*, and his disorderly crew, which are painted al to the life in his shop. To cōclude, I fare hardly, thogh I go richly, which maketh me when I shuld begin to shadow a Ladies face, to draw a Lambes head, and sometime to set to the body of a maide a shoulder of mutton: for *semper animus meus est in patinis.*

Manes Thou art a God to me: for could I see but a Cookes shop painted, I woulde make mine eyes fatte as butter. For I haue nought but sentences to fill my maw, as, *plures occidunt crapula quàm gladus: musa te inuuantibus amica:* repletion killeth delicately: & an old saw of abstinence, *Socrates:* The belly is the heades graue. Thus with sayings not with meate he maketh a gallymasfrey.

Grani. But how doest thou then liue?

Manes With fine iests, sweet aire, & the dogs almes.

Grani. Wel, for this time I wil stanch thy gut, and among pots and platters thou shalt see what it is to serue *Plato.*

Phyllus For ioy of *Granicus* lets sing.

Ma. My voice is as clear in the euening as In the morning.

Grani.

Alexander and Campaspe.

Gravi. An other commoditie of emptines.

Song.

Actus primus, Scena tertia.

*Melippus, Plato, Aristotle, Crisippus, Crates, Cleanthes, Anaxarchus, Alexander, Hephæstion
Parmenio, Clytus, Diogenes.*

Melip. I had neuer such adoe to warne schollers to come before a king: First, I came to *Crisippus* a tall leane old mad man, willing him presently to appeare before *Alexander*, he stooode staring on my face, neither mouing his eies nor his body, I vrging him to giue some answer, hee tooke vp a booke, sate downe and saide nothing: *Melissa* his maid told mee it was his maner, and that oftentimes she was faine to thrust meate in to his mouth: for that he wold rather starue the ceasse studie. Wel thoght I, seeing bookish men are so blockish, & so great clarkes such simple courtiers, I will neither be partaker of their comons nor their commendations. Fro thence I came to *Plato* and to *Aristotle*, and to diuerse other none refusing to come, sauing an old obscure fellowe, who sitting in a tub turned towardes the sonne, read Greeke to a young boy, him when I willed to appeare before *Alexander*, he answered, if *Alexander* would faine see me, let him come to me, if learne of mee, lette him come to me, whatfoeuer it be, let him come to me: why, said I, he is a king, hee answered, why I am a Philosopher, why, but he is *Alexander*, I but I am *Diogenes*. I was halfe angry to see one so crooked in his shape, to be so crabbed in his sayings. So going my way, I said thou shalt repent it, if thou comest not to *Alexander*: nay, smiling answered hee, *Alexander* may repent it, if he come not to *Diogenes*: vertue must be sought, not offered: and so turning himself to his cell, he grunted I know not what, like a pig vnder a tub. But I must be gone, the Philosophers are comming. *Exit.*

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Plato It is a difficult controuerſie, *Aristotle*, and rather to be wondred at, then beleued, how naturall cauſes ſhould worke ſupernal effects.

Ariſt. I doe not ſo much ſtand vpon the apparition is ſcene in the Moone, neither the *Demonium* of *Socrates*, as that I cannot by naturall reaſon giue anye reaſon of the ebbing and flowing of the Sea, which makes mee in the depth of my ſtudies to crye out, *O ens entium miſere-re mei.*

Plato. *Cleanthes*, and you attribute ſo muche to nature by ſearching for things which are not to be found, that whileſt you ſtudie a cauſe of your owne, you omitte the occaſion it ſelfe. There is no man ſo ſauage, in whom reſteth not this diuine particle, that there is an omnipotent, eternall and diuine mouer, which may be called God.

Clean. I am of this minde, that that firſt moouer, which you tearme God, is the inſtrument of all the moouinges, which we attribute to nature. The earth which is maſſe, ſwimmeth on the ſea, ſeaſons deuided in themſelues, fruites growing in themſelues, the maiestie of the ſkie, the whole firmament of the world, and whatſoeuer els appeareth miraculous, what man almoſte of meane capacitie but can proue it naturall.

Anaxar Theſe cauſes ſhal be debated at our Philoſophers feaſt, in which controuerſie I will take parte with *Ariſtoſle*, that there is *Natura naturans*, and yet not God.

Cyaterus And I with *Plato*, that there is *Dens optimus maximus*, and not nature.

Ariſt. Here commeth *Alexander*.

Alex. I ſee *Hepheſtion*, that theſe Philoſophers are here attending for vs.

Hepheſt. They were not Philoſophers, if they knewe not their dueties.

Alex. But I much meruaile *Diogenes* ſhoulde bee ſo dogged.

Hepheſt.



Alexander and Campaspe.

Heph. I do not think but his excuse will be better then *Melippus* message.

Alex. I will go see him *Hephestion*, because I long to see him that would commaunde *Alexander* to come, to whom all the world is like to come. *Aristotle* & the rest since my coming from *Thebes* to *Athens*, from a place of conqueste to a pallace of quiet, I haue resolued with my self in my court to haue as many Philosophers as I had in my camp soldiers. My court shalbe a schoole, wherein I wil haue vsed as great doctrine in peace, as I did in warre discipline.

Arist. We are al here ready to be commanded, & glad we are that we are commanded, for that nothing better becommeth kinges then literature, which maketh them come as neere to the Gods in wisdom, as they doe in dignitie.

Alex. It is so *Aristotle*, but yet there is among you, yea & of your bringing vp, that sought to destroy *Alexander*, *Calistenes*, *Aristotle*, whose treasons againste his prince shall not bee borne out with the reasons of his Philosophy.

Arist. If euer mischief entered into the heart of *Calistenes*, let *Calistenes* suffer for it, but that *Aristotle* euer imagined any such thing of *Calistenes*, *Aristotle* doth denie.

Alex. Well *Aristotle*, kindred may blind thee, and affection mee, but in kinges causes I will not stande to schollers arguments. This meeting shalbe for a comendement, that you all frequente my court, instructe the young with rules, confirme the olde with reasons: lette your liues be answerable to your learnings, leaste my proceedinges be contrary to my promises.

Heph. You sayde you would aske euery one of them a question, which yester night none of vs could answer.

Alex. I will. *Plato*, of all beastes, which is the subtillest?

B

Plat.

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- Plato* That which man hether to neuer knew.
Alex. *Aristotle*, how should a man bee thought a God?
Arist. In doing a thing vnpossible for a man.
Alex. *Crisypus*, which was first, the day or the night?
Crisp. The day by a day.
Alex. In deepe straunge questions must haue straunge
 answers, *Cleanthes*, what say you, is life or death
 the stronger?
Clean. Life, that suffereth so many troubles,
Alex. *Crates*, how long should a man liue?
Crates Till he think it better to die then liue.
Alex. *Anaxarchus*, whether doth the sea or the earth
 bring forth most creatures?
Anax. The earth, for the sea is but a parte of the
 earth.
Alex. *Hephestion*, me thinkes they haue answered all
 well, and in such questions I meane often to trye them.
Hephest. It is better to haue in your court a wise manne,
 then in your ground a golden mine. Therefore would I
 leaue war, to studie wisdom, were I *Alexander*.
Alex. So would I, were I *Hephestion*. But come let vs go
 and giue release, as I promised to our *Theban*
 thralls.

Exeunt.

- Plato* Thou art fortunate *Aristotle*, that *Alexander* is
 thy scholler.
Arist. And all you happy that he is your souereigne.
Crisp. I could like the man well, if he could be contē-
 ted to be but a man.
Arist. He seeketh to draw neere to the Gods in know-
 ledge, not to be a God.
Plato Let vs questiō a litle with *Diogenes*, why he went
 not with vs to *Alexander*. *Diogenes*, thou didst forget thy
 ductie, that thou wentst not with vs to the king.

Diog.

Alexander and Campaspe.

Diog. And you your profession, that you went to the king.

Plato Thou takest as great pride to be peeuish, as others do glory to be vertuous.

Diog. And thou as great honor being a Philosopher to be thought courtlike, as others shame that be courtiers, to be accounted Philosophers.

Arist. These austere maners set aside, it is wel known that thou didst counterfeit money.

Diog. And thou thy manners, in that thou didst not counterfeit money.

Arist. Thou hast reason to contemn the court, being both in bodye and minde too crooked for a courtier.

Diog. As good bee crooked, and endeavour to make my selfe straight from the court, as to bee straighte, and learne to be crooked at the court.

Crates Thou thinkest it a grace to be opposite against *Alexander.*

Diog. And thou to be iumpe with *Alexander.*

Anaxar Let vs goe: for in cōtemning him, we shal better please him, then in wondring at him.

Arist. *Plato*, what doest thou thinke of *Diogenes*?

Plato To be *Socrates* furious, let vs goe.

Exeunt philosophi.

Actus secundus, Scæna prima.

Diogenes, Pylus, Manes, Granichus.

Pylus Behold *Manes* where thy maister is, seeking either for bones for his dinner, or pinnes for his sleeues. I will goe salute him.

Manes Doe so, but mum not a word that you sawe *Manes.*

Grani. Then staye thou behinde, and I will goe with *Pylus.*

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- Psyllus*. All hayle *Diogenes* to your proper person.
Diog. All hate to thy peeuiſh conditions.
Grani. O Dogge.
Psyllus. What doſt thou ſeeke for here?
Diog. For a man and a beaſt.
Grani. That is eaſie without thy light to be founde,
 be not all theſe men?
Diog. Called men.
Grani. What beaſt is it thou lookeſt for?
Diog. The beaſt my man *Manes*.
Psyllus. He is a beaſt in deede that wil ſerue thee.
Diog. So is he that begat thee.
Grani. What wouldeſt thou do, if thou ſhuldeſt finde
Manes?
Diog. Giue him leaue to doe as hee hath done be-
 fore.
Grani. Whats that?
Diog. To runne away.
Psyllus. Why, haſt thou no neede of *Manes*?
Diog. It were a ſhame for *Diogenes* to haue neede of
Manes, and for *Manes* to haue no neede of *Diogenes*.
Grani. But put the caſe he were gone, wouldeſt thou
 entertaine any of vs two?
Diog. Vppon condition.
Psyllus. What?
Diog. That you ſhould tell mee wherefore anye of
 you both were good.
Grani. Why, I am a ſcholler, and well ſeene in Phi-
 loſophy.
Psyllus. And I a prentice, and well ſeene in paynting.
Diog. Well then *Granichus*, be thou a painter to a-
 mende thine ill face, and thou *Psyllus* a Philoſopher to
 correſt thine euil manners. But who is that *Manes*?
Manes. I care not whoe I were ſo I were not *Ma-
 nes*.
Grani. You are taken tardie.

Psyllus

Alexander and Campaspe.

Psyllus Let vs slip aside *Granius*, to see the salutarie
on betweene *Manes* and his maister.

Diog. *Manes*, thou knowest the last daye I throw a-
way my dish to drink in my hand, because it was super-
fluous, now I am determined to put away my man, and
serue my selfe: *Quia non ego tui vel te*

Manes Maister, you know a while agoe I ran away,
so doe I meane to doe againe, *quia scio is qui non esse argen-
tum.*

Diog. I know I haue no money, neither will I haue
euer a man: for I was resolu'd long since to put away
both my slaues, money and *Manes*.

Manes. So was I determined to shake off both my
dogges, hunger and *Diogenes*.

Psyllus O sweete concert betweene a crowde and a
Iewes harpe.

Grani. Come, let vs reconcile them

Psyllus It shal not neede: for this is their vse, now do
they dine one vpon an other.

Exit Diog.

Grani. How nowe *Manes*, art thou gone from thy
maister.

Manes No, I didde but nowe binde my selfe to
him.

Psyllus Why, you were at mortall iars.

Manes In faith no, we brake a bitter iest one vpon
another.

Grani. Why, thou art as dogged as he.

Psyllus My father knew them both litle whelpes.

Manes Well, I wil hie me after my maister.

Grani. Why, is it supper time with *Diogenes*?

Manes I, with him at all times when he hath meate.

Psyllus. Why then euerye man to his home, and let
vs steale out againe anon.

Grani. Where shall we meete.

Psyllus

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Phyllus. Why, at *Ala vendibili suspensa hadera non est opus*.

Alanus. O *Phyllus*, habeo te loco parentis, thou bleisest me.
Exeunt.

Actus secundus, Scena secunda.

Alexander, Hephestion, Paga, Diogenes, Apelles.

Alex. Stand aside fir boy, till you bee called. *Hephestion*, how doe yee like the swete face of *Campaspe*?

Hephest. I cannot but commend the stout courage of *Timoclea*.

Alex. Without doubt *Campaspe* had som great man to her father.

Hephe. You know *Timoclea* had *Theagines* to her brother.

Alex. *Timoclea* stil in thy mouth, art thou not in loue?

Hephe. Not I.

Alex. Not with *Timoclea* you meane, wherein you resemble the Lapwing, who crieth most where her nest is not. And so you lead me from espying your loue with *Campaspe*, you cry *Timoclea*.

Hephest. Coule I aswell subdue kingdomes, as I can my thoughtes, or were I as farre from ambition, as I am from loue, all the world would account me as valiant in armes as I know my self moderate in affection.

Alex. Is loue a vice?

Hephest. It is no vertue.

Alex. Well, nowe shalt thou see what small difference I make betweene *Alexander* and *Hephestion*. And sith thou hast beene alwaies partaker of my triumphes, thou shalt be partaker of my tormentes. I loue *Hephestion*, I loue I loue *Campaspe*, a thing farre vnfit for a Macedonian, for a king, for *Alexander*. Whye hankest thou downe thy head *Hephestion*? blushing to hear that which

Alexander and Campaspe.

I am not ashamed to tell.

Hephest. Might my wordes erane pardon and my counsell credit, I woulde both discharge the duetie of a subiect, for so I am, and the office of a friend, for so I wil.

Alex. Speake *Hephestion*, for whatsoeuer is spoken,
Hephestion speaketh to *Alexander*.

Hephest. I cannot tell *Alexander*, whether the reporte be more shamefull to be heard, or the cause sorowfull to be beleueed? What, is the sonne of *Phillip*, king of Macedonia become the subiect of *Campaspe*, the captiue of *Thebes*? Is that minde, whose greatnes the world coulde not containe, drawn within the compasse of an idle alluring eie? Wil you handle the spindle with *Hercules*, when you shuld shake the speare with *Achilles*? Is the warlike sound of drumme and trumpe turned to the softe noyse of lire and lute, the neighing of barbed steedes, whose loudnes filled the ayre with terrour, and whose breathes dimmed the sunne with smoake, conuerted to delicate tunes and amorous glaunces? O *Alexander*, that soft and yeelding minde should not bee in him, whose hard and vnconquered heart hath made so many yeelde. But you loue, ah grieve, but whom? *Campaspe*, ah shame, a maide forsooth vnknowne, vnnoble; and who can tell whether immodest? whose eies are framed by arte to inamour, and whose heart was made by nature to enchaunt. I; but she is bewtiful, yea, but not therefore chaste: I; but she is comly in al partes of the body: yea, but she may be crooked in some parte of the mind: I; but she is wise, yea, but she is a woman: Bewtie is like the blackberry, which seemeth red, when it is not ripe, resembling pretious stones that are polished with honney, which the soother they look, the sooner they breake: It is thought wonderful among the sea men, that *Mugil* of all fishes the swiftest is found in the belly of the *Bre* of all the slowest: And shal it not seeme monstrous to wise men, that the heart of the greatest conquerour of the world, should be bound

Tragicall Comedie of

in the hands of the weakest creature of nature? of a woman? of a captiue? *Hermynus* haue faire skinnes, but fowle liners, Sepulchers fresh colours, but rotten bones, women faire faces, but false heartes. Remember *Alexander* thou haste a campe to gouerne, not a chamber, fall not from the armour of *Mars* to the armes of *Venus*, fro the fiery assaults of warre, to the maidenly skirmishes of doise from displaying the Eagle in thine ensigne, to sette downe the sparrow. I sigh *Alexander* that where fortune could not cōquer, folly should ouercome. But behold al the perfection that may be in *Campaspe*, a haire curling by nature, not arte: sweete alluring eies, a faire face made in despite of *Venus*, and a stately porte in disdain of *Isis*, a witte apt to conceaine, and quick to answer, a skin as soft as silke, and as smooth as ier, a long white hand, a fine little foote, to conclude, all partes answerable to the best part, what of this? Though she haue heauenlye gifts, vertue and bowtie, is she not of earthly mettall flesh and blood? You *Alexander* that would be a God, shewe your self in this worde then a man, so soone to bee both ouerscene and ouertaken in a woman, whose false teares know their true times, whose smooth wordes wounde deeper then sharpe swordes. There is no surfeit so dangerous, as that of honeye, nor any payson so deadly, as that of loue, in the one phisicke cannot preuaile, nor in the other counsel.

Alex. My case were light *Hephestion*, and not worthy to be called loue, if reason were a remedie, or sentences could salue, that sense cannot conceaue. Little do you know, and therefore sleightly doe you regard the dead embers in a private perlo, or line coles in a great prince, whose passions and thoughts do as farre exceede others in extremitie, as their callinges doe in Maiestie. An Eclipse in the Sunne is more then the fallinge of a starre, none can conceine the tormentes of a king, vnlesse hee be a king, whose desires are not inferiour to their dignities.

Alexander and Campaspe.

ties. And then iudge *Hephestion* if the agonies of loue be dangerous in a subiect, whether they be not more then deadly vnto *Alexander*, whose deep and not to be conceiued sighes, cleaue the heart in shiners, whose wounded thoughtes can neither be exprest nor endured. Cease then *Hephestion* with argumentes to seeke to refel that, which with their deitie the Gods cannot refit, and let this suffice to aunswere thee, that it is a king that loueth and *Alexander*, whose affections are not to be measured by reason, being immortall, nor I feare me to bee borne being intollerable.

Hephest. I must needes yeelde, when neither reason nor counsel can be heard.

Alex. Yeelde *Hephestion*, for *Alexander* doth loue, & therefore must obtaine.

Hephest. Suppose she loues not you, affection cometh not by appointmente or birth, and then as good hated as enforced.

Alex. I am a king, and wil command.

Hephest. You may, to yeelde to luste by force, but to consent to loue by feare you cannot.

Alex. Why, what is that, which *Alexander* maye not conquer as he list?

Hephest. Why, that which you say the Gods cannot resist, Loue.

Alex. I am a conquerour, shee a captiue, I as fortunate, as she faire: my greatnes may answere her wants, and the giftes of my minde, the modestie of hers? Is it not likely then that shee should loue? Is it not reasonable?

Hephest. You say that in loue there is no reason, and therefore there can be no likelyhood.

Alex. No more *Hephestion*: in this case I wil vse mine owne counsell, and in all other thine aduice, thou mayst be a good soldier, but neuer good louer. Call my page. Sirha, goe presentlye to *Apelles*, and will him to come to me

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me without either delay or excuse.

Page

I goe.

Alex.

In the meane season to recreate my spirits, being so neere, we will goe see *Diogenes*. And see where his tub is, *Diogenes*.

Diog.

Who calleth?

Alex.

Alexander: how happened it that you would not come out of your tub to my pallace?

Diog.

Because it was as far from my tub to your pallace, as from your pallace to my tub.

Alex.

Why then dost thou ow no reuerence to kings?

Diog.

No.

Alex.

Why so?

Diog.

Because they be no Gods.

Alex.

They be Gods of the earth.

Diog.

Yea, Gods of earth.

Alex.

Plato is not of thy mind.

Diog.

I am glad of it.

Alex.

Why?

Diog.

Because I would haue none of *Diogenes* minde, but *Diogenes*.

Alex.

If *Alexander* haue any thing that may pleasure *Diogenes*, let me know, and take it.

Diog.

Then take not from me, that you cannot giue me, the light of the world.

Alex.

What dost thou want?

Diog.

Nothing that you haue.

Alex.

I haue the world at commaund.

Diog.

And I in contempt.

Alex.

Thou shalt liue no longer then I will.

Diog.

But I shall die whether you wil or no.

Alex.

How should one learne to be content?

Diog.

Vnlearne to couet.

Alex.

Hephestion, were I not *Alexander*, I would wishe to be *Diogenes*.

Hephest.

He is dogged, but discrete, I cannot tell how sharpe

Alexander and Campaspe.

- sharp with a kinde of sweetenes, full of wit, yet too to wayward.
- Alex.* *Diogenes*, when I come this way again, I wil both see thee, and confer with thee,
- Diog.* Doe.
- Alex.* But here commeth *Apelles*, how now *Apelles*, is *Venus* face yet finished?
- Apel.* Not yet: *Bewtie* is not so soone shadowed, whose perfection commeth not within the compasse either of cunning or of colour.
- Alex.* Wel let it rest vnperfect, & come you with mee, where I will shewe you that finished by nature, that you haue beene trifling about by arte.

Actus tertius, Scena prima.

Apelles, Campaspe.

- Apel.* Lady, I doubt whether there bee any colour so fresh, that may shadow a countenance so faire.
- Camp.* Sir, I had thought you had beene commaunded to paint with your hand, not to glose with your tongue, but as I haue heard, it is the hardest thing in painting to set down a hard fauour, which maketh you to dispaire of my face, and then shal you haue as great thanks to spare your labour, as to discredit your arte.
- Apel.* Mistresse, you neither differ from your selfe nor your sex: for knowing your own perfectiō, you seeme to dispraise that which men moste commend, drawing the by that meane into an admiration, where feedinge themselues they fall into an extasie, your modestie being the cause of the one, and of the other, your affections.
- Camp.* I am too young to vnderstande your speache, thogh old enough to withstand your deuise: you haue bin so long vsed to colours, you can do nothing but colour.
- Apel.* Indeed the colours I see, I feare, wil altar the colour I haue: but come Madam, wil you draw neere: for

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Alexander will be here anon. *Psyllus*, stay you heere at the window, if anye enquire for me, aunswere, *Non lubet esse domi.*

Exeunt.

Actus tertius, Scena secunda.

Psyllus, Manes.

Psyllus It is alwaies my maisters fashion, when any fair gentlewoman is to be drawne within, to make mee to stay without. But if he shuld paint *Iupiter* like a Bul, like a Swanne like an Eagle, then must *Psyllus* with one hand grinde colours, and with the other hold the candle. But let him alone, the better he shadowes her face, the more will he burne his own heart. And now if a manne coulde meete with *Manes*, who I dare say, lookes as leane, as if *Diogenes* dropped out of his nose.

Manes And heere comes *Manes*, whoe hath as muche meate in his maw, as thou hast honestie in thy head.

Psyllus Then I hope thou art very hungry.

Manes They that know thee, know that.

Psyllus But doest thou not remember that wee haue certeine licour to conferre withal.

Manes I, but I haue busines, I must go cry a thing.

Psyllus Why, what hast thou lost?

Manes That which I neuer had, my dinner?

Psyllus Foule lubber wilt thou crie for thy dinner?

Manes I meane, I must cry, not as one wold saye cry, but cry, that is, make a noyse.

Psyllus Why foole, that is all one, for if thou cry, thou must needs make a noyse.

Manes Boy, thou art deceiued Cry hath diuerse significations, and may bee alluded to manye thinges, knaue but one, and can be applyed but to thee.

Psyllus Profound *Manes*.

Manes Wee *Cynicks* are madde fellowes, didste thou
not

Alexander and Campaspe.

not finde I did quip thee?

Psyllus No verely, why, whats a quip?

Manes We great girders call it a short saying of a sharp
witt, with a bitter sense in a sweete word.

Psyllus How canst thou thus diuine, deuide, define, di-
spute, and all on the fodaine?

Manes Wit wil haue his swing, I am bewicht, inspirde,
inflamed, infected.

Psyllus Well, then will not I tempt thy gybing spirite.

Manes Do not *Psyllus*, for thy dull head will bee but a
grindstone for my quick wit, which if thou whet with o-
uertwhartes, *peristi, alium est de te*. I haue drawne bloud
at ones braines with a bitter bob.

Psyllus Let me crosse my self: for I die, if I crosse thee.

Manes Let me do my busines, I my self am afraid, least
my wit should waxe warm, and then must it needes con-
sume some hard head with fine & prety iests. I am some-
times in such a vaine, that for want of some dull pate to
worke on, I begin to gird my selfe.

Psyllus The Gods shield mee from such a fine fellowe,
whose words melt wits like waxe.

Manes Well then, let vs to the matter. In fayth my
maister meaneth to morow to flye.

Psyllus It is a iest.

Manes Is it a iest to flye? shouldest thou flye so soone,
thou shouldest repent it in earnest.

Psyllus Well, I will be the cryer.

Man. and Psyl. one after another. O ys, o ys, o ys, All man-
ner of men, women, or children, that wil come to mo-
row into the market place, betweene the houres of nine
and ten, shall see *Diogenes* the Cynick flye.

Psyllus I do not think he wil flye.

Manes Tush, say flye.

Psyllus Flye.

Manes Now let vs goe: for I wil not see him againe, till
midnight, I haue a back way into his tub.

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Psyllus Which way callest thou the backwaye, when e-
very way is open.

Maues I meane to come in at his back.

Psyllus Well, let vs goe away, that we may returne spee-
dely.

Exeunt.

Actustertius, Schazna tertia.

Apelles, Campaspe.

Apel. I shall neuer drawe your eies well, because they
blind mine.

Camp. Why the, paint me without eies, for I am blind?

Apel. Were you euer shadowed before of any?

Camp. No. And would you could so nowe shadow me,
that I might not be perceiued of any.

Apel. It were pittie, but that so absolute a face should
furnish *Venus* temple amongst these pictures.

Camp. What are these pictures?

Apel. This is *Lada*, whom *Ioue* deceiued in likenes of
a swan.

Camp. A faire woman, but a foule deccit.

Apel. This is *Alcmena*, vnto who *Iupiter* came in shape
of *Amphitriö* her husband, and begate *Hercules*.

Camp. A famous sonne, but an infamous fact.

Apel. He might do it, because he was a God.

Camp. Nay, therefore it was euil done, because he was
a God.

Apel. This is *Danaus*, into whose prison *Iupiter* drifled a
golden shewre, and obtained his desire.

Camp. What gold can make one yeelde to desire?

Apel. This is *Europa*, whom *Iupiter* rauished, this *Anti-
opa*.

Camp. Were al the Gods like this *Iupiter*?

Apel. There were many Gods in this like *Iupiter*.

Camp. I thinke in those daies loue was well ratified a-
mong

Alexander and Campaspe.

mong men on earth, when lust was so full auto-
rised by the Gods in heauen.

Apel. Nay, you may imagine there were womē passing a-
miable, whē ther were Gods exceding amorous.

Camp. Were women neuer so faire, men would be false.

Apel. Were women neuer so false, men wold be fond.

Camp. What counterfeit is this *Apelles*?

Apel. This is *Venus*, the Goddesse of loue.

Camp. What, be there also louing Goddesse?

Apel. This is she that hath power to commaunde the
very affections of the heart.

Camp. How is she hired, by praier, by sacrifice, or bribes?

Apel. By praier, sacrifice and bribes,

Camp. What praier?

Apel. Vowes irreuocable.

Camp. What sacrifice?

Apel. Hearts euer fighting, neuer dissembling.

Camp. What bribes?

Apel. Roses and kisses? but were you neuer in loue?

Camp. No, nor loue in me.

Apel. Then haue you iniured many.

Camp. How so?

Apel. Because you haue beene loued of many.

Camp. Flattered perchance of some.

Apel. Is it not possible that a face so faire, and a wit so
sharp, both without comparison, shulde not bee
apte to loue.

Camp. If you begin to tip your tong with cunninge, I
pray dip your pensil in colours, and fall to that you must
doe, not that you would doe.

Actus tertius, Schœna quarta.

Clytus, Parmenio, Alexander, Hephestion, Crysus,

Diogenes, Apelles, Campaspe.

Clytus *Parmenio* I cannot tell howe it cometh to passe,
that in *Alexander* now a daies there groweth an vnpaciēt
kinde of life, in the morning he is melācholye, at noone

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solomne, at all times either more sower or seuer, then he was accustomed.

Parme. In kinges causes I rather loue to doubt then coniecture, and thinke it better to be ignoraunt then inquisitiue: they haue long eares and stretched armes, in whose heades suspition is a prooffe, and to bee accused is to be condemned.

Clytus Yet betweene vs there canne be no daunger to finde out the cause: for that there is no malice to withstand it. It may be an vnquenchable thirste of conquering maketh him vnquiet: it is not vnlikely his long ease hath altered his humour: that hee should be in loue, it is not impossible.

Parme. In loue *Clytus*, no, no, it is as farre from his thought, as treason in ours: hee, whose euer waking eye, whose neuer tired heart, whose body patient of labour, whose mind vnfatiable of victorie hath alwaies bin noted, cannot so soone be melted into the weake conceites of loue: *Aristotle* told him there were many worlds, and that he hath not conquered one that gapeth for all, galleth *Alexander*. But here he commeth.

Alex. *Parmenio*, and *Clytus*, I would haue you both ready to goe into Persia about an ambassage no lesse profitable to me, then to your selues honourable.

Clytus We are ready at all commaundes, wishing nothing els, but continually to be commaunded.

Alex. Well, then withdraw your selues, till I haue further considered of this matter.

Exeunt Clytus & Parmenio.

Now we will see how *Apelles* goeth forward: I doubt me that nature hath ouercom arte, and her countenance his cunning.

Hephest. You loue, and therefore think any thing.

Alex. But not so farre in loue with *Campaspe*, as with *Encephalus*, if occasion serue either of conflicte or of conquest.

Hephest.

Alexander and Campaspe.

Hephest. Occasion cannot want, if wil doe not. Behold all Persia swelling in the pride of their owne power, the Scythians carelesse what courage or fortune canne doe: the Egyptians dreaminge in the southsayinges of theyr Augures, and gaping ouer the smoak of their beastes intralles. All these *Alexander* are to bee subdued, if that world be not slipped out of your head, which you haue sworne to conquer with that hand.

Alex. I confesse the labours fit for *Alexander*, and yet recreation necessary among so manye assaults, bloudie woundes, intollerable troubles: giue mee leaue a litle, if not to sitte, yet to breath. And doubt not but *Alexander* can when he wil throw affections as farre from him, as he can cowardise. But behold *Diogenes* talking with one at his tub.

Crysus One pennie *Diogenes*, I am a Cynick.

Diog. He made thee a begger, that first gaue thee any thing.

Crysus Why, if thou wilt giue nothinge, no bodye wil giue thee.

Diog. I want nothing, till the springs dry, & the earth perish.

Crysus I gather for the Gods.

Diog. And I care not for those gods, which want money.

Crysus Thou art a right Cynicke, that wyl giue nothing.

Diog. Thou art not, that wil beg any thing.

Crysus *Alexander*, kinge *Alexander*, giue a poore Cynick a groat.

Alex. It is not for a king to giue a groat.

Crysus Then giue me a talent.

Alex. It is not for a begger to aske a talent. Awaye.
Apelles?

Apel. Here.

Alex. Now Gentlewomanne, doth not your bewtie
D put

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put the painter to his trump?

Camp. Yes my lord, seeing so disordered a countenance, he feareth he shall shadow a deformed counterfeite.

Alex. Would he could colour the life with the feature. And me thinketh *Apelles*, were you as cunning as report saith you are, you may paint flowers as well with sweete smells, as fresh colours, obseruing in your mixture suche things as should draw neere to their sauiours.

Apel. Your maiestie must know, it is no lesse harde to paint sauiours then vertues, colours can neither speake nor think.

Alex. Where do you first begin, when you draw any picture?

Apel. The proportion of the face in iust compasse, as I can.

Alex. I would begin with the eie, as a light to all the rest.

Apel. If you wil paint, as you are a king, your Maiesty, maye beginne wher you please, but as you would be a painter you must begin with the face.

Alex. *Aurelius* would in one houre colour foure faces.

Apel. I meruaile in half an houre he did not foure.

Alex. Why, is it so easie?

Apel. No, but he doth it so homely.

Alex. When wil you finish *Campa*?

Apel. Neuer finishe: for alwaies in absolute bewtie there is somewhat aboue arte.

Alex. Why shoulde not I by labour bee as cunning as *Apelles*?

Apel. God shield you should haue cause to be so cunning as *Apelles*.

Alex. Me thinketh four colours are sufficiēt to shadow any countenance, & so it was in the time of *Phrygius*.

Apel. Then had men fewer fancies, & womē not so many fauours. For now, if the haire of her eie browes be black,
yet

Alexander and Campaspe.

yet must the heare of her head be yellower: the attire of her head must be different from the habite of her body, els would the picture seeme like the blason of auncient Armorie, not like the sweete delight of new found amiablenes. For as in garden knottes diuersitie of odours make a more sweete fauour, or as in musicke diuers stringes cause a more delicate consent, so in painting, the more colours, the better counterfeit, obseruing blacke for a ground, and the rest for grace.

Alex. Lend me thy pensil *Apelles*, I wil paint, and thou shalt iudge.

Apel. Here.

Alex. The coale breakes.

Apel. You leane too hard.

Alex. Now it blackes not.

Apel. You leane too soft.

Alex. This is awry.

Apel. Your eie goeth not with yout hand.

Alex. Now it is worse.

Apel. Your hand goeth not with your minde.

Alex. Nay, if all be too hard or soft, so many rules and regardes, that ones hand ones eie, ones mind muste all draw together, I had rather be setting of a battell, then blotting of a bourd. But how haue I done here?

Apel. Like a king.

Alex. I think so: but nothing more vnlike a Paynter. Wel *Apelles*, *Campaspe* is finished as I wish, dismisse her, & bring presently her counterfeit after me.

Apel. I wil.

Alex. Now *Hephestion*, doth not this matter cotton as I would, *Campaspe* looketh pleasantly, liberty wil encrease her bewtie, and my loue shal aduaunce her honour.

Hephest. I wil not contrary your maiestie, for time must weare out that loue hath wroughte, and reason weane what appetite nourised.

Alex. How stately she passeth bye, yet howe soberlie, a

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sweete consent in her countenance with a chaste disdain,
desire mingled with coynesse, and I cannot tell howe to
tearme it, a curst yeelding modestie.

Hephest. Let her passe.

Alex. So shee shall for the fairest on the earth.

Exiunt.

Actus tertius, Scena quinta.

Psyllus, Manes, Apelles.

Psyllus I shalbe hanged for tarying so long.

Manes I pray God my maister bee not flowne before
I come.

Psyllus Away *Manes*, my maister doth come.

Apel. Where haue you bin all this while?

Psyllus No where but heere.

Apel. Who was here sithence my comming?

Psl. No body.

Apel. Vngratious wag, I perceiue you haue beene a
loytering, was *Alexander* no body?

Psyllus He was a king, I meant no meane body.

Apel. I wyll cogell your bodye for it, and then wyll I
faye it was no bodye, because it was no honest
body. Away in.

Exit Psl.

Vnfortunate *Apelles*, and therefore vnfortunate, be-
cause *Apelles*. Hast thou by drawing her bewtie brought
to passe, & thou canst scarce draw thine own breath? And
by so muche the more hast thou encreased thy care, by
how much the more thou hast shewed thy tuning: was it
not sufficient to behold the fire, and warme thee, but
with *Satyrus* thou must kisse the fire and burne thee? O
Campaspe, *Campaspe*, arte must yeelde to nature, reason to
appetite, wisdom to affection, Could *Pigmalion* entreate
by

Alexander and Campaspe.

by prayer to haue his Iuory turned into flesh? and cannot *Apelles* obtaine by plaints to haue the picture of his loue chaunged to life? Is painting so farre inferiour to earuing? or doest thou *Venus* more delight to be hewed with Chizels, then shadowed with colours? what *Pigmalion*, or what *Pyrgoteles*, or what *Lysippus* is hee, that euer made thy face so faire, or spread thy fame so farre as I? vnlesse *Venus*, in this thou enuieest mine arte, that in colouring my sweete *Campaspe*, I haue left no place by cunning to make thee so amiable. But alas, shee is the paramour to a prince. *Alexander* the Monarch of the earth hath both her body and affection. For what is it that kinges cannot obtaine by prayers, threatens and promises? Will not she think it better to sit vnder a cloth of estate like a queene, then in a poore shoppe like a hufwife? and esteeme it sweeter to be the concubine of the Lord of the world, then spouse to a painter in Athens? Yes, yes *Apelles*, thou maist swimme against the streame with the Crab, and feede againste the winde with the deere, and pecke against the Steele with the Cockatrice: starres are to be looked at, not reached at. Princes to be yelded vnto, not contended with, *Campaspe* to bee honoured, not obtained, to be painted, not possessed of thee: O fair face, O vnhappy hand, & why didst thou draw it so faire a face? O bewtifull countenaunce, the expresse image of *Venus*, but so what fresher: the only pattern of that eternitie which *Iupiter* dreaming of asleep, could not coceiue agayne waking. Blush *Venus*, for I am ashamed to end thee. Now must I paint things vnpossible for mine arte, but agreeable with my affections: deepe and hollowe sighes, sadde and melancholye thoughtes, woundes and slaughters of conceites, a life posting to death, a death galloping from life, a wauering constancie, an vnsetled resolution, and what not, *Apelles*? And what but *Apelles*? But as they that are shaken with a feuer are to bee warmed with clothes, not groanes, and as he that melteth in

A tragicall Comedie of

a consumptiō is to be recured by Colices, not conceits: so the feeding canker of my care, the neuer dying worm of my heart, is to be killed by counsel, not cries, by applying of remedies, not by replying of reasons. And sith in cases desperat there must be vsed medicines þ are extreame, I will hazard that litle life that is left, to restore the greater part that is lost, and this shalbe my first practise: for wit must worke, where authoritie is not. Al-soone as *Alexander* hath viewed this portraiture, I will by deuise giue it a blemishe, that by that meanes shee maye come againe to my shop, and then as good it were to vnter my loue, and die with deniall, as conceale it and liue in despair.

The Song.

Actus quartus, Scena prima.

*Solinus, Psyllus, Granichus, Manes,
Diogenes, Populus.*

Soli. This is the place, the day, the time, that *Diogenes* hath appointed to flye.

Psyllus I will not loose the flight of so fair a foule as *Diogenes* is, though my maister cogel my no bodye, as he threatned.

Gran. What *Psyllus*, will the beaste wag his winges to day?

Psl. We shal heare: for here commeth *Manes*: *Manes* will it be?

Manes Be, he were best be as cunning as a Bee, 'or else shortly he will not be at all.

Gran. How is he furnished to flye, hath he feathers?

Manes Thou art an asse, Capons, Geese and Owles haue feathers. He hath found *Dedalus* old waxen wings, and hath beene peeing them this moneth, he is so broad in the shoulders. O you shal see him cut the aire euen like a Tortois.

Solinus

Alexander and Campaspe.

Soli. Methinks so wise a man should not be so mad,
his body must needes be too heauy.

Manes Why, he hath eatē nothing this seuennight but
corke and feathers.

Psyllus Tutch him *Manes*.

Manes He is so light that he can scarce keepe him from
flying at midnight.

Populus intrat.

Manes See they beginne to focke, and behold my mai-
ster buffels himself to flye.

Diog. Yee wicked and bewitched Athenians, whose
bodies make the earth to groane, and whose breathes
infect the aire with stench. Come ye to see *Diogenes* flye?
Diogenes commeth to see you sinke: yee call me dog, so
I am, for I long to gnawe the boanes in your skins. Yee
tearme me an hater of menne: no, I am a hater of your
māers. Your liues dissolute, not fearing death, wil proue
your deaths desperate, not hoping for life. What do you
els in Athens but sleepe in the daye, and surfeite in the
night: back Gods in the morning with pride, in the e-
uening belly Gods with gluttony. You flatter kings, &
call them Gods, speak trueth of your selues, and cōfesse
you are deuils. From the Bee you haue takē not the ho-
ney, but the wax to make your religion, framing it to the
time, not to the trueth. Your filthy lust you colour vnder
a courtly colour of loue, iniuries abroad vnder the title
of pollicies at home, & secrete malice creepeth vnder the
name of publike iustice. You haue caused *Alexander* to
dry vp springs and plant vines, to sow roket and weede
endisse, to sheare sheepe, and shrine foxes. All conscience
is sealed at Athens. Swearing commeth of a hot mettle:
lying of a quick wit: flattery of a flowing tong, vndecent
talk of a mery disposition. Al things are lawfull at Athēs.
Either you think there are no Gods, or I must think yee
are no men. You build as though you shoulde liue for e-
uer, and surfeit as though you should die to morow.

A tragicall Comedie of

None teacheth true Philosophy but *Aristotle*, because he was the kinges schoolemaister. O times, O menne, O corruption in manners. Remember that greene grasse must turne to dry hay. When you sleep, you are not sure to wake, and when you rise not certaine to lye downe. Looke you neuer so hye, your heads must lye leuel with your feet. Thus hane I floun ouer your disordered liues, and if you will not amende your manners, I will studie to flye further from you, that I may be neerer to honestie.

Seli. Thou rauest *Diogenes*, for thy life is different fro thy woordes. Did not, I see thee come out of a brothel house? was it not a shame?

Diog. It was no shame to goe out, but a shame to goe in,

Grani. It were a good deede *Manes*, to beate thy maister.

Manes You were as good eate my maister.

One of the people. Hast thou made vs all fooles, and wilt thou not flye?

Diog. I tell thee, vnlesse thou be honest, I wil fly.

People Dog, dog, take a boane,

Diog. Thy father neede fear no dogs, but dogs thy father.

People We wil tel *Alexander*, that thou reproouest him behind his back.

Diog. And I wil tell him, that you flatter him beefore his face.

People We wil cause all the boies in the streete to hisse at thee.

Diog. In deede I think the Athenians haue their childre redy for any vice, because they be Athenians.

Manes Why maister, meane you not to flye?

Diog. No *Manes*, not without wings.

Manes Every body wil account you a liar.

Diog.

Alexander and Campaspe.

Diog. No, I warrant you: for I will alwayes say the Athenians are mischieuous.

Psyllus I care not, it was sport ynogh for me to see these old huddles hit home.

Grav. Nor I.

Psyllus Come, let vs goe, and hereafter when I meane to raile vpon any body openly, it shall be giuen out, I will flye.

Exeunt.

Actus quartus, Scena secunda.

Campaspe, Apelles.

Campaspe sola. *Campaspe*, it is hard to iudge whether thy choice be more vnwise, or thy chaunce vnfortunate. Doeſt thou preferre, but ſtay, vtter not that in words, which maketh thine cares to glow with thoughtes. Tuff better thy tongue wagge, then thy heart breake. Hath a painter crept further into thy mind then a prince? *Apelles* then *Alexander*? Fond wench, the basenes of thy mind bewraies the meannesse of thy birth. But alas, affection is a fire, which kindleth aswell in the bramble as in the oak, and catcheth hold where it first lighteth, not where it may best burne. Larkes that mount aloft in the ayre, build their neastes below in the earth, and women that cast their eies vpon kinges, may place their hearts vpon vassals. A needle will become thy fingers better then a lute, and a distaffe is fitter for thy hand then a scepter. Aunties liue safely, till they haue gotten winges, and Iuniper is not blowne vp, till it hath gotten an high top. The mean estate is without care as long as it continueth without pride. But here commeth *Apelles*, in whom I would there were the like affection.

Apel. Gentlewoman, the misfortune I had with your picture, will put you to some paines, to sitte againe to be painted.

E

Camp.

A tragicall Comedie of

Camp. It is small paines for me to sit still, but infinit for you to draw still.

Apel. No Madame, to painte *Venus* was a pleasure, but to shadowe the sweet face of *Campaspe* it is a heauen.

Camp. If your tongue were made of the same flesh that your heart is, your wordes woulde be as your thoughts are: but such a common thing it is amongst you to commend, that oftentimes for fashion sake you call the bewtifull, whom you know blacke.

Apel. What might men doe to be beleeued?

Camp. Whet their tongues on their hearts.

Apel. So they doe, and speake as they think.

Camp. I would they did.

Apel. I would they did not.

Camp. Why, would you haue them dissemble?

Apel. Not in loue, but theyr loue. But will you giue me leaue to ask you a question without offence?

Camp. So that you will aunswere me an other without excuse.

Apel. Whom do you loue best in the world?

Camp. He that made me last in the world.

Apel. That was a God.

Camp. I had thought it had beene a man: but whome do you honour most *Apelles*?

Apel. The thing that is likest you *Campaspe*.

Camp. My picture?

Apel. I dare not venture vpon your person. But come, let vs go in: for *Alexander* will thinke it longe till we returne.

Exeunt.

Actus quartus, Scena tertia.

Clytus, Parmenio.

Clytus We heare nothing of our Embassage, a colour belike

Alexander and Campaspe.

belike to bleare our eies, or ticle our eares, or inflame our heartes. But what doth *Alexander* in the meane season, but vse for Tantara, Sol. Fa. La. for his harde couch, downe beddes, for his handfull of water, his standinge Cup of wine?

Parme. *Clytus*, I mislike this new delicacie and pleasing peace: for what els do we see now then a kind of softnes in euery mans minde, Bees to make their hives in soldiers helmets, our steedes furnished with foote clothes of golde, insteede of saddles of Steele: More time to bee required to scowre the rust of our weapons, the there was woont to be in subdewing the countries of our enemies. Sithence *Alexander* fell from his harde armour to his soft robes, beholde the face of his court, youthes that were woont to carry deuises of victory in their shieldes, engraue now posies of loue in their ringes: they that were accustomed on trotting horses to charge the enemy with a launce, now in easie coches ride vp & downe to court Ladies: in steede of sworde and target to hazard their liues, vse penne and paper to paint their loues. Yea, such a feare and faintnes is growne in courte, that they wish rather to heare the blowing of a horne to hunt, the the sound of a trumpet to fight? O Phillip, wert thou aliue to see this alteration, thy men turned to women, thy soldiers to louers, gloues worne in veluet, caps in steede of plumes in grauen helmets, thou wouldest either dye among them for sorow, or confound them for anger.

Clytus Cease *Permenio*, least in speaking what becometh thee not, thou feele what liketh thee not: truth is neuer without a scratcht face, whose tongue although it cannot be cut out, yet must it be tied vp.

Parme. It greeueth me not a litle for *Hephestion*, whose thirsteth for honour, not ease, but such is his fortune & neerenesse in friendship to *Alexander*, that he must lay a pillowe vnder his head, when he would put a targette in his hand.

A tragicall Comedie of

But let vs draw in, to see how well it beecometh them to tread the measures in a daunce, that were wont to set the order for a march.

Exeunt,

Actus quartus, Scena quarta.

Apelles, Campaspe.

Apel. I haue now *Campaspe* almost made an end.

Camp. You told me *Apelles*, you would neuer end.

Apel. Neuer end my loue: for it shalbe eternal.

Camp. That is, neither to haue beginning nor ending.

Apel. You are disposed to mistake, I hope you do not mistrust.

Camp. What will you saye, if *Alexander* perceiue your loue?

Apel. I will say, it is no treason to loue.

Camp. But how if he will not suffer thee to see my person?

Apel. Then will I gaze continually on thy picture.

Camp. That will not feede thy heart.

Apel. Yet shall it fill mine eie: besides the sweete thoughtes, the sure hopes, thy protested faith, will cause me to embrace thy shadow continuallye in mine armes, of the which by stronge imagination I will make a substance.

Camp. Wel, I must be gon: but this assure your self, that I had rather be in thy shop grinding colours, then in *Alexanders* court, following higher fortunes.

Campaspe alone.

Foolish wench, what hast thou done? that alas which cannot be vndone, and therefore I feare me vndone. But content is such a life, I care not for abundance. O *Apel-*
les,

Alexander and Campaspe.

les, thy loue commeth from the hearte, but *Alexanders* from the mouth. The loue of Kynges is lyke the blowing of windes, whiche whistle sometimes gently amonge the leaues, and straight waies turne the trees vp by the rootes, or fire which warmeth a farre off, and burneth neere hand, or the sea, which maketh men hoysse their sayles in a flattering calme, and to cut their mastes in a rough storme. They place affection by times, by pollicie, by appointment, if they frowne, who dares call them vnconstant, if bewray secretes, who wil tearme them vntrue, if fall to other loues, who trembles not, if he call them vnfaithfull. In kinges there can be no loue, but to Queenes: for as neere must they meete in maiestie, as they doe in affection. It is requisite to stande aloofe from kings loue, *loue*, and lightening.

Exit.

Actus quartus, Schœna quinta.

Apelles, Page.

Apel. Now *Apelles*, gather thy wittes together: *Campaspe*'s is no lesse wise then faire, thy selfe must be no lesse cunning then faithfull, It is no small matter to be riual with *Alexander*.

Page *Apelles*, you must come away quickely with the picture, the king thinketh that nowe you haue painted it, you play with it.

Apel. If I would playe with pictures, I haue enough at home.

Page None perhaps you like so well.

Apel. It may be I haue painted none so well.

Page I haue knowne many fairer faces.

Apel. And I many better boies.

Exeunt.

A tragicall Comedie of

Actus quintus, Shazna prima.
Diogenes, Syluius, Perim, Milo Irico,
Maxes.

Sylui. I haue brought my sons *Diogenes*, to bee taught
of thee.

Diog. What can thy sonnes doe?

Sylui. You shall see their qualities: Daunce sirha.

Then Perim daunceth.

How like you this? doth he well?

Diog. The better, the worser.

Sylui. The musicke very good.

Diog. The Musitions very badde, who onelye studie to
haue their stringes in tune, neuer framing their
manners to order.

Sylui. Now shall you see the other: tumble sirha.

Milo tumblesb.

How like you this? why do you laugh?

Diog. To see a wagge, that was born to break his neck
by destinie, to practise it by arte.

Milo. This dogge will bite me, I wil not be with him.

Diog. Feare not boy, dogges eate no thistles.

Perim. I meruaile what dog thou art, if thou be a dog.

Diog. When I am hungry, a mastiue, and when my bel-
ly is full, a spaniell.

Sylui. Dost thou beleue that there are any gods, that
thou art so dogged?

Diog. I must needs beleue there are Gods: for I think
thee an enemy to them.

Sylui. Why so?

Diog. Beecause thou hast taught one of thy sonnes to
rule his legges, and not to follow learning, the other to
bend his body euery way, and his minde no way.

Perim. Thou dost nothing but snarle, and barke like
a dogge.

Diog.

Alexander and Campaspe.

- Diog.* It is the next way to driue away a theefe.
Sylui. Now shall you heare the third, who signes like a Nightingall.
Diog. I care not : for I haue heard a Nightingall sing herself,
Syl. Sing sirha.

Trico singeth.

- Syl.* Loe *Diogenes* , I am sure thou canst not doe so much,
Diog. But there is neuer a Thrush but can.
Sylui. What hast thou taught *Manes* thy man?
Diog. To be as vnlike as may be thy sonnes.
Manes He hath taught me to fast, lye hard, and runne away.
Sylui. Howe saiest thou *Perim* , wilte thou bee with him?
Perim. I, so he will teach me first to runne away.
Diog. Thou needest not be taught, thy legs are so nimble.
Sylui. Howe sayest thou *Milo* , wilte thou bee with him?
Diog. Nay, hold your peace, he shall not.
Sylui. Why?
Diog. There is not roome enough for him and mee both to tumble in one tub.
Sylui. Well *Diogenes*, I perceiue my sonnes brook not thy manners.
Diog. I thought nolesse , when they knewe my vertues.
Sylui. Farewel *Diogenes*, thou neededst not haue scraped rootes, if thou woldest haue followed *Alexander*.
Diog. Nor thou haue followed *Alexāder*, if thou hadst scraped rootes.

Exeunt.

A tragicall Comedie of

Actus quintus, Schæna secunda,

Apelles alone.

I feare me *Apelles*, that thine eies haue blabbed that, which thy tongue durste not. What little regarde hadst thou, whilest *Alexander* viewed the counterfeite of *Campaspe*, thou stoodest gazing on her countenaunce? If hee espy or but suspect, thou must needes twise perill he with his hate, and thine owne loue. Thy pale lookes, when hee blushed, thy sadde countenaunce, when hee smyled, thy sighes, when he questioned, may breede in him a ielosie, perchaunce a frenzey. O loue, I neuer beefore knewe what thou wert, and nowe haste thou made mee that I know not what my self am? Onely this I knowe, that I must endure intollerable passions, for vnknowne pleasures. Dispute not the cause wretch, but yeelede to it: for better it is to melt with desire, then wastle with loue. Cast thy selfe on thy carefull bedde, be content to lyue vnknown, and die vnfounde. O *Campaspe*, I haue painted thee in my hearte, paynted? nay, contrarye to mine arte, imprinted, and that in suche deepe Characters, that nothing can rase it out, vnlesse it rubbe thy hearte out.

Exit.

Actus quintus, Schæna tertia,

*Melchius, Phrygius, Lays,
Diogenes.*

Mel. It shal go hard, but this peace shal bring vs some pleasure.
Phry. Downe with armes, and vp with legges, this is a world for the nonce,

Lays

Alexander and Campaspe.

Lays Sweete youthes, if you knew what it were to saue your sweete bloud, you would not so foolishly go about to spend it. What delight can there be in gaslinge, to make foule scarres in faire faces, & crooked malmes in streight legges? as though men being borne goodlye by nature, would of purpose become deformed by follye, and all forsooth for a new found tearme, called valiant, a worde which breedeth more quarrelles then the sense can commendation.

Mil. It is true *Lays*, a featherbed hath no fellow, good drinke makes good bloud, and shal pelting wordes spill it?

Phry. I meane to enioy the world, and to draw out my life at the wiredrawers, not to curtall it off at the cutters.

Lays You may talke of warre, speake bigge, conquer wordes with great wordes: but stay at home, where in steede of Alarums you shall haue daunces, for hot battelles with fierce menne, gentle skirmishes with faire womenne. These pewter coates canne neuer sitte so well as fatten dublets. Beleeue mee, you cannot conceiue the pleasure of peace, vnlesse you despise the rudenes of warre.

Mil. It is so. But see *Diogenes* prying ouer his tubbe: *Diogenes*, what saiest thou to such a morsel?

Diog. I say, I would spit it out of my mouth, because it should not poyson my stomacke.

Phry. Thou speakest as thou arte, it is no meate for dogges.

Diog. I am a dogge, and Phylosophy rates mee from carion.

Lays Vnciuill wretch, whose manners are aunswerable to thy callynge, the tyme was thou wouldest haue hadde my companie, had it not beene, as thou saidst too deare.

Diog. I remember there was a thing, that I repented
F me

A Tragickall Comedie of

me of, and now thou haste told it, indeede it was
good teare of nothing, and thou deare to no bo-

Lays. Downe villaine, or I wil haue thy head broken?

Mile. Will you couch?

Phry. Anaunt curre: Come sweete *Lays*, let vs goe to
some place, and possesse peace. But first let vs sing, there
is more pleasure in tuning of a voyce, then in a vollye of
shotte.

Mile. Now let vs make haste, least *Alexander* finde vs
here.

Exeunt,

Actus quintus, Scena quarta.

Alexander, Hephestion, Paris, Diogenes,

Apelles, Cynnabar.

Alex. Mee thinketh *Hephestion* you are more melan-
choly then you were accustomed, but I perceiue it is all
for *Alexander*. You can neither brooke this peace, nor
my pleasure, be of good cheare, though I winke, I sleepe
not.

Hephest. Melancholy I am not, nor well content: for I
know not how there is such a ruste crept into my bones
with this long ease, that I feare I shall not scdwe it out
with infinite labours.

Alex. Yes, yes, if all the trauailes of conquering the
world will set either thy body or mine in tune, wee will
vndertake them. But what think you of *Apelles*? Did yee
euer see any so perplexed? Hee neither answered dire-
ctly, to any question, nor looked stedfastly vppon anye
thing, I hold my life the painter is in loue.

Hephest. It may be: for commonly we see it incident in
artificers to be inamoured of their own workes, as *Ar-
chidamus* of his wooden doue, *Pygmalion*, of his iuorie

Alexander and Campaspe.

Image, *Arachus* of his woddé swan, especially painter,
who playing with their owir contraires, now coucting to
draw a glauncing eie, then wroiling, now a wincking, still
mending it, neuer ending it, till they bee caught with it,
and then poore soules they kisse the colours with their
lippes, with which before they were loth to cainte their
fingers.

Alex. I wil finde it out. Page, goe speedelye for *Apelles*,
will him to come herber, and when you see vs earnestly
in talke, sodenly cry out, *Apelles* shoppe is on fire.

Page It shalbe done to mee I haue to be swith.

Alex. Forget not your lesson.

Hephe. I cannaid what your deuise shalbe.

Alex. The queene shall knowe this, and so shall I.

Hephe. I pittie the poore painter, if he be in toun.

Alex. Pittie him not, I pray thee, that seuer grauity set
aside, what do you think of loue?

Hephe. As the *Macdonians* doe of their *Beere*,
which looking yellow in the ground, and blake in the
hand, thinke it better seene then toucht.

Alex. But what do you imagin it to be?

Hephe. A word by superstition thought a God, by vse
turned to an humour, by self will made a flattering mad-
nesse.

Alex. You are too hard harted to thinke so of loue. Let
vs go to *Diogenes*. *Diogenes*, thou maist thinke so somewhat,
that *Alexander* cometh to thee againe so soone.

Diog. If you come to learn, you could not come soone
enough, if to laugh, you be come too soone.

Hephe. It would better become thee to be more curte-
ous, and frame thy self to please.

Diog. And you better to be laffe, if you should please.

Alex. What doest thou thinke of the time we haue here?

Diog. That we haue little, and lose much.

Alex. If one be sick, what wouldst thou haue him do?

Diog. Be sure that hee die not his physician of his herte.

A tragicall Comedie of

Alex. If thou mightest haue thy wil, how much groud would content thee?

Diog. As much as you in the ende must bee contented withall.

Alex. What, a world?

Diog. No, the length of my body.

Alex. *Hephestion*, shal I be a litle pleasaunt with him?

Heph. You may: but he wil be very peruerse with you.

Apel. It skilleth not, I cannot be angry with him. *Diogenes*, I pray thee, what dost thou think of loue?

Diog. A litle worser then I can of hate,

Alex. And why?

Diog. Because it is better to hate the thinges, which make to loue, the to loue the things, which giue occasion of hate. (world?)

Alex. Why, be not women the best creatures in the

Diog. Next men and Bees.

Alex. What dost thou dislike chiefly in a woman?

Diog. One thing.

Alex. What?

Diog. That she is a woman.

Alex. In mine opinion thou wert neuer born of a woman, that thou thinkest so hardly of womē. But now cometh *Apelles*, who I am sure is as far from thy thoughts, as thou art frō his cunning. *Diogenes*, I wil haue thy cabin remoued nerer to my court, because I wil be a philosopher

Diog. And when you haue done so, I pray you remoue your court further from my cabinne, because I wil not be a courtier.

Alex. But here commeth *Apelles*. *Apelles*, what peece of work haue you now in hand?

Apel. None in hand, if it like your maiestie: but I am deuising a platforme in my head.

Alex. I think your hand put it in your head. Is it nothing about *Venus*?

Apel. No, but some thing about *Venus*.

Alexander and Campaspe.

- Page* *Apelles, Apelles*, looke about you, your shope is on fire.
- Apel.* Ay me, if the picture of *Campaspe* be burnt, I am vndone.
- Alex.* Stay *Apelles*, no halte, it is your hart is on fire, not your shop, & if *Camp.* hang there, I wold she were burnt. But haue you the picture of *Campaspe*? Beelike you loue her wel, that you care not thogh al be lost, so she be safe.
- Apel.* Not loue her : but your Maiestie knowes that painters in their last works are said to excell themselues, and in this I haue so much pleased my self, that the shadow as much delighteth mee beeing an artificer, as the substaunce doth others that are amorous.
- Alex.* You lay your colours grosely, though I could not paint in your shop, I cā spy into your excuse. Be not ashamed *Apelles*, it is a Gentlemans sport to be in loue. Call hither *Campaspe*. Me thinks I might haue bin made priue to your affection, though my counsel had not beene necessary, yet my countenance might haue bin thought requisite. But *Apelles* forsooth loueth vnder hand, yea & vnder *Alexanders* nose, and, but I say no more.
- Apel.* *Apelles* loueth not so: but he liueth to do as *Alexander* will.
- Alex.* *Campaspe*, here is newes, *Apel.* is in loue with you.
- Camp.* It pleaseth your maiesty to say so.
- Alex.* *Hephestion*, I wil try her to. *Campaspe*, for the good qualities I know in *Apelles* and the vertue I see in you, I am determind you shal enioy one the other. Howe saye you *Campaspe*, would you say, I?
- Camp.* Your handmaid must obey, if you commaund.
- Alex.* Think you not *Hephestion* that shee would faine be commaunded?
- Heph.* I am no thought catcher, but I gesse vnhappily.
- Alex.* I will not enforce mariage, where I cannot cōpel loue.
- Camp.* But your maiestie may mone a question, where

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you be willing to haue a match.

Alex. Beleeue me *Hephestion*, these parties are agreed, they would haue me both priest and witnesse. *Apelles*, take *Campaspe*, why moue ye not? *Campaspe*, take *Apelles*, wil it not be? If you be ashamed one of the other, by my consent you shal neuer come togeather. But dissemble not *Campaspe*, do you loue *Apelles*?

Camp. Pardon my Lord, I loue *Apelles*.
Alex. *Apelles*, it were a shame for you, being loued so openly off to faire a virgin, to say the contrary. Doe you loue *Campaspe*?

Apel. Onely *Campaspe*.

Alex. Two louing wormes, *Hephestion*, I perscuiue *Alexander* cannot subdue the affections of menne, though he conquer their countries. Loue falleth like dew asweet vpon the low grasse, as vpon the high Cedar. Sparkes haue their heat, Antea their gall, Flyes their splene. Well, enioy one an other, I giue her thee frackly *Apelles*. Thou shalt see that *Alexander* maketh but a toyce of loue, and leadeth affection in setters, vsing facie as a foole to make him sport, or as a minstrell to make him merry. It is not the amorous glaunce of an eie can settle an idle thought in the heart, no no, it is childrens game, a life for seamesters and schollers, the one pricking in cloutes haue nothing els to thinke on, the other picking fancies out of books, haue litle els to mertaile at. Go *Apelles*, take with you your *Campaspe*, *Alexander* is cloied with looking on that, which thou wondredst at.

Apel. Thanks to your maiestie on bended knee; you haue honoured *Apelles*.

Camp. Thanks with bowed heart; you haue blessed *Campaspe*.

Exeunt.

Alex. Page, go warne *Clitus* and *Parmenio* and the other Lordes to be in a readines, let the trumpet sounde, strike vp the drumme; and I will presently into Persia.

How

Alexander and Campaspe.

How now *Hephestion*, is *Alexander* able to resist loue as he list?

Hepb. The conquering of *Ibebes* was not so honourable, as the subduing of these thoughts.

Alex. It were a shame *Alexander* should desire to command the world, if he could not command himselfe. But come, let vs goe, I will try whether I can better beare my hand with my heart, then I could with mine eye. And good *Hephestion*, when all the world is woone, and enery countrey is thine and mine, either find me out another to subdue, or of my word I will fall in loue.

Exeunt.

The Epilogue at the Blacke Fryers.

Where the Rainebowe toucheth the tree, no Caterpillers will hang on the leaues: where the Gloworm creepeth in the night, no Adder will go in the day. We hope in the eares where our trauailes be lodged, no carping shall harbour in those tongues. Our exercises must be as your indgment is, resembling water, which is alwaies of the same colour into what it runneth. In the Troiane horse lay couched soldiers with childre, and in heapes of many words we feare diuulge vs here, among some allowable. But as *Demosthenes* with often breathing vp the hill amended his stammering, so wee hope with sundry labours against the haire, to correcte our studies. If the tree be blasted that blossomes, the fault is in the wind, and not in the roote, and if our pastimes be misliked, that haue bin allowed, you must impute it to the malice of others, and not our endeouour. And so wee rest in good case if you rest well content.

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The Epilogue at the Court.

WE cannot tell whether we are fallen among *Dionides* birdes or his horses, the one receiued some mē with sweete notes, the other bitte all menne with sharp teeth. But as *Homer's* Gods conueied them into cloudes, whom they would haue kept from curses, and as *Venus*, least *Adonis* shuld be pricked with the stinges of Adders, couered his face with the wings of Swans: so wee hope being shielded with your highnesse countenance, wee shal, though heare the neighing, yet not feele the kicking of those *iades*, and receiue, though no praise (which we cannot deserue) yet a pardon, which in all humilitie we desire. As yet wee cannot tell what we should tearme our labours, yron or bullyon, only it belongeth to your maiestie to make the fit either for the forg or the mint, currant by the stampe, or counterfeit by the anuill. For as nothing is to be called white, vnlesse it had bin named white by the first creature, so can ther be nothing thought good in the opinion of others, vnlesse it bee christened good by the iudgement of your selfe. For our selues againe, we are like these torches waxe, of which being in your heighnesse handes, you may make Doues or Vultures, Roses or Nettles, Lawril for a garland, or elder for a disgrace.

FINIS



